

Hot Fuckin' Soul

On fire I walked though Greece at midnight, silver flashing and specifically Athens FYI, to meet the Lord-Scholar chap who always dressed in Desmond Merrion Supreme, because fuck yes, right? Given his so intense but semi-secret crazy wealth and up his drive I went, now about 1AM, grounds sweeping dark and light, mystical bits of statue since they were hot and new and all that made from insane toned marble, alabaster, lapis lazuli, even soapstone, if you believe it, while they surfed in a way among gorgeous hedges and teeny orchards of various fruits and likely exotic woods of some kind. Anyway, into the main palace I go, and yes bitch, a *palace*, like something from Goddamned Aristotle land, impeccable and grand and wild in a way and made me super hungry for more than a bagel, you know. I was allowed with positivity into the jaw-smash beautiful residence and there he was, in a TENCEL™ Modal, of course, carrying cognac from God knows where, though I wonder if he really drinks at all. He wanted me badly and for quite some time, us gay men walking strange tides, myself at a mere US\$220K a year age 36 and him at billions of euros no doubt, so you ask why the fuck I got there, as I ponder even myself, but he motioned my high-fashion sparkle modesty to his den, or salon, or whatever the fuck you wanna call it, and he shut the door. We stared for a moment, at each other of course, and holy fuck could

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I feel that grandeur and attraction and cuckoo-deep
longing and make no fucking mistake, it wasn't just him,
but me, too, and wow. He carefully placed his cognac snifter on
a truly incredible Egyptian relic nightstand thing, considering me
with his porcelain face, delicious,
so super fucking symmetrical and handsome and like
a gent from ancient-ancient history that you see on canvas
or gold at MoMA, and better yet Louvre, so old he seems
like mega-Goddamned old, yet looks less than 50, right?
Weird.

He steps my way like a wave from a tight hidden tsunami
quiet and cool and stops to slowly put magician hands on my now sweaty
face (imagine that)
pulls me gently toward his mouth like a sphere from off-world
or whatever
and about then his *own* mouth opens wide, and there
I see a couple brilliantly bright white sapphire
fangs
sharp and long as fuck and oh boy, there they go, right
in my neck.

I fade so quick knowing immorality's on its way
black nights and dead days and transferring to predator cosmic
— by no design of mine let's say,
and yet you know what?
Fuck it!

Here we go, blood, blood, blood.

Wow.